

Pictures of You, Pictures of Me by N_Peggy (RJPhaNTom)

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Summary:

Mike would rather take pictures than have his picture taken. Can El change his mind?

Based on Millie Bobby Brown's Instagram story picture taken by Finn Wolfhard.

Cross-posted on FanFiction.net.

Pictures of You, Pictures of Me

Author's Note:

Hi, everyone!

I got inspired to write this quick story because a good chunk of the fandom is exploding with happiness over an Instagram picture posted on Millie (Eleven) story taken by Finn (Mike). This also happened to be written from 1:00 am to about 3:00 am and therefore is not edited.

If you're still waiting on a Mileven Song Short, I'm still working on it and it should be out soon.

Anyways, hope you enjoy this piece of fluff.

Mike hates having his picture taken. Whenever Mike's mom Karen pulls out her Polaroid™ camera, he would internally groan and endure the pain of the shutter flashing and his mom going gaga over how handsome he looked. He does, however, like to be the one taking pictures, not as passionately as Will's brother, Jonathan, but all the same. With that in mind, Mike had asked El if she wanted to have some pictures taken as their next date, to which she said yes.

With his mom's trusty Polaroid™ camera around his neck, he bikes his way to the Hopper cabin, the fallen leaves of autumn crunching beneath his wheels as he journeys over, where he knows El is waiting for him. Springing off his bike upon arrival, he makes his way up to the door, raising his hand to knock against it when it swings open, revealing the very person he was looking forward to seeing: his girlfriend, El.

Mike watches as El pushes a strand of her hair behind her ear bashfully, a smile on her face. He takes note of her red, long sleeved shirt, jeans, and the white Converse® he had given her before looking her in the eye, admiring the way she looks.

"Hi, Mike," she greeted.

“H-Hey,” he replied, clearing his throat from his stutter. “Ready to go?” She responds with a nod as she reaches her hand out for him to take. Their hands now clasped together, El closes and locks the door behind her with her mind before they embark into town. Mike liked being alone with El, knowing his friends would constantly be teasing him for the quote on quote “heart eyes” he makes when he looks at the telekinetic girl.

Mike had chosen the side of Starcourt Mall as a background to take pictures of El in front of, the white contrasting against the solid colours of her clothing, making them pop. “Okay, just stand in front of the wall, pose, and act like I’m not here.” Mike instructed.

El furrows her brows in confusion. “But you ARE here.” Mike chuckles. “I know, but just pretend, okay? It’ll be fine, I promise.” El nods at the instruction as she started to pose, only to be startled by the shutter going off.

The picture began to print out, taking its time to develop before revealing a rather unpleasant shot. The two teens grimaced before they both laughed at how silly she looked, though Mike thought she still looked beautiful either way.

“Let’s maybe try that again?” “Yes, please,” she responds softly. The second time around was better, and the third, and so on and so forth. El was smiling and laughing as Mike continues with taking photos before El decides she wanted to take a picture of Mike. The boy shook his head.

“I don’t like having my pictures taken.” He admits.

“Why? It’s fun.”

“I just think I look like weird,” he replied but El gave her best puppy dog look, a murmured “Please?” escaping her lips and Mike, in turn, relented.

Giving El quick instructions on how to hold and use the camera, he made his way in front of the wall, a frown on his face. “Mike, smile.” El pouts as she takes one picture. Of course, Mike stubbornly frowns in the first, hands his pocket as he looked away.

The next couple pictures had similar looks before El set the camera down, crossing her arms over her chest, eyes furrowed in frustration before an idea came to mind: she knew what made Mike smile.

A smirk on her lips, she saunters over to her boyfriend, who looks up just as she came closer.

“Oh good, are we switching back-“ Before he could get another word out, El kisses him, stopping his words. Shocked at first, he starts kissing her back, a smile forming against her lips as El pulls away quickly, taking the opportunity to take the picture while the smile still remains on his face.

The shutter startles him the same way it did when he first took El’s picture printing out slowly before it flutters to the ground. Mike kneels down and picks it up as the two teens looked at the end result. Mike had a dazed look in his eyes, cheeks pink from the kiss he had just received the moment the shot after was taken, a small, dopey grin gracing the rest of his features.

“Oh, man, I look weird,” Mike groans. El, on the other hand, shakes her head as she took the Polaroid™ picture from his grasp. “I like it. You’re smiling,” she concludes, holding the photo up so he got a better look.

“Huh, would you look at that. Maybe we should kiss more often before I get my picture taken,” he teases, earning a playful shove from his girlfriend. The rest of the time was spent taking some more pictures, this time of them together. Laughing and exchanging kisses as the camera captured those special moments during that day.

Years later, Mike and El are now married and expecting their first child. Meanwhile, Mike is searching for something he’s lost, a phone number he needed to call back for an upcoming interview. He reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out his wallet, hoping to find the lost item as he begins to take out his belongings.

However, his fingers pull out a picture of his wife taken back in 1985. Having forgotten he put her picture there, he can’t help but stare, a small smile on his lips. Her eyes were closed, sun shining on her, a smile on her face as her fingers had gently grazed the strands

of her hair, the phone number he was looking for now forgotten.

“Did you find it?” Mike’s head popped up as El looked at him, cradling her baby bump in hand and a laundry basket in the other. Her eyes land on the picture he was holding. “What have you got there?” She waddles over, setting the laundry basket down as she slowly sits down next to him as she got a closer look at the picture.

“I always admired this picture of you. You looked like you didn’t have a care in the world, especially after everything you’ve been through.” Mike says. El was quiet before she got up and left the room. Mike sat there, confused at his wife’s actions before returned with something in her hand. Taking her position next to her husband, she showed him what she brought.

Mike laughed softly. “I remember this. You got fed up with my frowning and complaining and just kissed me to get me to smile,” El giggled. “It worked, didn’t it? It’s just a friendly reminder that you can still smile during pictures even though you hate getting them done, plus, out of all the pictures of you that were taken that day, it ended up being my favourite.” she explains.

The couple decided to spend the rest of the day taking out photo albums and reminiscing about the old memories they shared, ones from their childhood, another from their wedding, as they began to prepare for the new ones they were about to make.